# THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, MAY

A YELLOW BELLE.

The yellow girl is one of the most attractive phases of negro life to be encountered. She has enough white blood in her to enable her to still further turn-up her nose at the blacks. Nearly as white as her Cuban mistress, she is a dangerous rival. The degree of difference in the complexion is lessened by the wholesale application of powder. She shalks her face with it not

Cuban Basket Makers.

A TALE OF A DOG.

Jamaica in company with her dog to my hotel at 11 o'clock on the following day.

Now, every darky in Havana owns a dog, and they all must have received official in-formation of the fact that I wanted to buy

one. To buy a dog in Cuba stamped me as a curiosity. Doubtless among the negroes, no one had ever been heard of who didn't steal a dog if he wanted it. At any rate, the news of the American "freak" spread, the news of the American "freak" spread to the state of the American "freak" spread to the state of the state o

and the owners of canines were told to pre-

sent themselves and their pups at the Pasaje

I relate with agitation what transpired

though they were of the same nondescript

species, lest the others might revenge them-selves in some unique and barbarous

fashion. I made a presense of looking over the dogs. I then announced that I would

wait a few days before making a selection

and distributed some Spanish script among the disconsolate owners of the dogs.

This method of dismissing the dog fan

ciers sufficed to make them happy, and

smiling and content they left me once more

Until the last five years the Cuban negroes

were in a state of revolting servitude. They worked under leaders whose emblem of au-

thority was the whip. Now they occupy a

state of comparative freedom. Their chil-dren may go to school if they like (which

they often don't), and all occupations are open to them. Of course the negro lives and has his pleasures apart, but he is not driven from the enjoyments of public places because he is black. The white man who

chooses to associate with the black is not hated on that account. If he live with a

black woman, he is compelled to have a permit from the Governor General, and is

forced to support her and provide for her as he would for a wife. This law is about the

only obligatory one in the Cuban code. Wherever the negro thrives he is in all re-

SHE DROPPED HER POKER CHIPS.

An Accident That Caused Great Embarras

ment to a Haughty Young Weman.

Oneday last week a beautiful and haughty

roung woman in a very stylish costume

walked up Fifth avenue. Past the Calumet, the New York and Union League Clubs' windows she swept with a swift, regular movement, looking neither to the right nor the left, and the only acknowledg-

ment that she gave of the attempts of the

ment that she gave of the attempts of the clubmen to win her smiles was a disdainful curl of her thin beautiful lips. In one hand she carried what looked like a card case. At the corner of Forty-third street a fat, red-faced little man, in a hurry to catch a down-coming stage, brushed roughly arrived the hand

against her. He struck against the hand in which was the supposed card case, and the latter fell to the sidewalk. It burst open and outrolled a lot of small poker chips.

The young woman seemed in danger of an

and stammered his apology, while a Union League Club man came up in time to rescue

the chips, put them deftly back into the case and hand them to their crestfallen owner with a most graceful bow. The young woman barely acknowledged the kindness,

and went swifter down Forty-third street,

House Hunting.

where she disappeared in a brown-stor

the cardcase and chips.

A smiling throng watched him pick

attack of hysteries, the little man

New York Sun.1

Hotel the next morning at 11.

buy a meal of sugar-cane-to him the

## CAFE LIFE IN PARIS.

Famous French Hostelries and the Epicurean Dreams They Evolve.

NOBLE CREATORS OF NEW DISHES.

Where to Go to Get a First-Class Dinner With Eare Old Wines.

SOME CHEAP BUT GOOD RESTAURANTS

PORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR 1

PARIS, May 3,-Did you ever hear the anecdote about Sam Rogers, whose dinners and breakfasts will live as long as his poetry? morning?" he asked a London lady one night at

the opera, and she prompt-

ly replied: "Won't I!"

which pleased him more

than anything else that

There is a good deal in dinner and dejeuner giving, and I have had the great happiness in my time to be host as well as guest at some tolerably famous feeds here in Paris. There was one breakfast, I remember, to which I punctually at 11 o'clock. We all smiled when we saw before each plate no fewer than two dozen oysters, accompanied by a golden lemon, and a bottle of fine Sauterne. The oysters were followed by kidneys a la



Old French Country Inn.

brochette, then came in some pate de foie gras deliciously truffled, and as a windup to this lovely feast mine host, a French author, made us on the table, then and there, a not sauce for a wild duck that was one of cious things I ever tasted. , was not a better meal than a few of us chioyed about a er a theater performance, and en by Howell Osborn.

. LITTLE SUPPER.

I been to the Varieties to see ong about midnight dropped in the Avenue de l'Opera a repost such as makes my en I think of it. We had soupers de la cour, and this courtly soup was chicken ps of rarest Sevres. Then au au petit pois, and to on and as tender and beau-

..... by which time we were ready for the asperces sauce hollandaise, and then came lucious strawberries, coffee and liqueurs. In the meantime there were white, red and golden wines served us; for the Sauternes were blanche, the Bordesux rouge and the champagnes the color of virgin gold. There are some fine restaurants here in Paris, ten or a dozen, not more, of first-class

ones, and hundreds in the second and third class. The first eating place ever known in this city was established man named—now don't jump ilanger. That was about 150 years ago, and the tellow was a wit as well as a good maitre d'hotel, for he took out of his stomaebo laboratis, et ego vos restarabo," and stuck them up over his tront door. Struck by the word "restarabo," the inhabitants of that part of Paris gave Boulanger's place the name of "restaurant," and it soon became the trade mark of all who were in the same business.

ARISTOCRATIC COOKS.

Of course eating houses are much better now than they were then. I should be dis-loyal to some of the chefs I know if I said otherwise; and yet there were Vatels in those other days, also noblemen and princes of the blood who deigned to learn how to cook, and some of them created new dishes. Was there ever such another place for restaurants as the Palais Royal used to be? Why, they were all over it; on the ground floors, on the first and second stories, even down in the cellars, and the Caveau, an underground place, was quite a resort when the opera was over, just as the Cafe Procope was for those who went to the Comedie Fran caise, which was then in the Faubourg St.

Freres Provincaux was established, and there Barras and Bonaparte often dined together. Nearly 100 years Mater a branch of the Trois Freres Provincaux was opened at the Philadelphia Exposition, and only two one of the torts or fortifications wh days ago a friend of mine from San Fran-fended Paris on that side of the city. cisco complained to me of the stiff price he had to pay for a lunch which himself and wife out in it. Another restaurant started about the same time in the Palais Royal was the Cafe Chartres, now called the Grand Vefour, and where Grimrod de la Reyniere was a regular client. He was the author of the "Almanack des Gourmands," and his grandfather died from eating pate de toie gras. It was Grimrod's father who built the house at the corner of the Place de la Concorde and the Avenue Gabriel that is now occupied by the Epatants Club, as the consolidated Mirlitons and Imperials are

#### AFRAID OF LIGHTNING.

He not only built the house, but he constructed in front of it, deep down in the earth, a refuge from thunder storm that was topped and surrounded with roof and walls six or eight feet thick. This enormons vault is still in existence, and on its top earth has been laid and grass is growing. It serves as a splendid terrace for the club When Grimrod's father was quite sure the weather would be fine he used to wander back and forward on one of the old bridges, with now and then an occasional peep down into the flowing Seine.

As for the Grand Vesour, it is a richly gilded restaurant, with a tolerably good titchen, and where you can get sole a is sauce Mr. Mornay to perfection. It, however, cannot be classed as among the best in Paris. Of course, it is rather difficult to show which is the very best, but I think if you asked the proprietor of any of the first-class places which after his own cluss places which after his own the Maison Dorre. What makes it complete is its all round excellence; that is to say, its wine cellars are well stocked with the best crus, its chef and head assist-ants are skilled in their calling, and the service can seldom be complained of. I admit that the Cafe Voisin has a much more famous cellar, and there is no denying the fact that no other restaurant in the and splendid house at the corner of the Rue St. Honore and the Rue Cambon. But sometimes the culsine is first-class and sometimes it is not; and there seems to be a

disposition at the Voisin to neglect new comers and to impose upon old customers. When a head waiter or one of his garcons serves you in a negligent manner, forgets your order, or brings you something that you never called for, then things are not going along in first-class style, and that is precisely what happened to me the last time I dined at the Cafe Voisin. But there are in the cellars of that house red wines from the Bordeaux country which were bottled as far back as 1811, and the price for each bot-

VANDERBILT'S JOSEPS.

Bon vivants have high opinion of Big-Bon vivants have high opinion of Big-non's old place opposite the Vandeville Theater, now known as Paillard's. It is a small place, richly gilded and decorated inside, but cheap looking as to its exterior, and it stands at the very top, both on ac-count of its cuisine and its wine cellars. This is the place where Joseph was head waiter when Vanderbilt ran across him. Joseph was not the cook of the establishment; of course, he is a cook, for all good maitres d' hotel in Paris restaurants are chels by profession, but they are never the chef of the establishment. Joseph was not "Will you come and break-only head water, but he prepared a good liked, and there never was another person who could look after a roast wild duck better on a chaufing dish, or serve you up a poulet gras with a salad of his own seasoning so well as he. We used to get the best attendance and the best dishes out of the fellow by giving him carte blanche for the breakfast or the dinner-but the bill used to make us wince when we paid it. Apropos, Mr. Vanderbilt does not pay Joseph \$8,000 a year, nor even half that sum. There is not a bef in America, nor in any other country, was gets more than

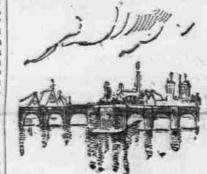
\$2,500, and very few receive that much.

Further up in the Boulevard des Italiens,
on the same side of the way, is the Rue was invited at the Case Voisin, along with Belder, and a few vards along that street is some 12 or 14 other fellows, and we sat down a restaurant called the Lion d'Or, which ranks among the best in Paris. I think, though, that the service is not always what it should be, but I am very fond of the cooking. Having peeped into

THE LION D'OR

you can retrace your steps to the Boulevard, pass Tortoni's and the Maison Dorce, and presently you will come to the Cafe Riche, which occupies the ground floor and entresol of the New York Life Insurance building. This is where poor Harry Homans had his headquarters, and I sometimes dropped in there to have a talk with him about things in general. The Cafe Riche can boast a rare clientele, and there is one thing that is certain, the chef does prepare the nicest sauces for fish and fowl that were ever esten. The Cafe de l'Opera, under Drexel, Harjes & Co.'s bank, in the Boulevard Haussmann, is a restaurant to be recommended more for its high prices than for its excellent cuisine, and yet it ranks among first-class places. The Cafe de la Paix has more customers than any other establishment in the capital, but is not a first-class restaurant-"it is a place where entables are manufactured, was the way in which one of my French friends described it the other evening. It is a popular resort for fast men and women, both for dinners and for suppers, and its private rooms are the scenes of frequent orgies. The dinners at Durand's are not so good as

are the breakfasts. This is the restaurant opposite the Church of the Madeleine, where General Boulanger made his beadquarters during the electoral campaign of last Jan-It is famous for its Chateaubriand beetsteaks; the chef cuts a tenderloin of



The Ambassadeurs, Laurent's and Ledo-yens, are three popular houses in the Champs Elysee; they are tolerably good

includes some of the more prominent men

taurants at fixed prices they, too, are plenti-ful, and in their way are worth recommend-ing. Most of them are located in the Palais

Royal. Finally we have the bouillon estab-lishments, that is to say those cheap eating

houses where you are served by women, and

where you can get a fairly good meal for very little money. Duval, the man who first started them was a butcher; he left a

large fortune to an only son, who spent nearly every dollar of it on Cora Pearl. When she had cleaned him out she kicked

him out. In her time she spent millions

and she died in abject poverty. I believe

THE INSIGNIA OF SORROW.

Colors Worn by Different Nationalities to

Denote Mourning.

Besides black, the following are used as

sign of grief for the dead. Black and white

striped to express sorrow and hope, among

the South Sea Islanders. Grayish brown,

the color of the earth to which the dead

return, in Ethiopia. Pale brown, the color

of withered leaves, is the mourning

of Persia. Sky blue to express the assured

hope that the deceased has gone to heaven This is the mourning of Syria, Cappadocia

and Armenia. Deep blue in Bokhara.
Purple and violet to express "Kings and
Queens to God." The color of mourning
for cardinals and kings of France. The

color of mourning in Turkey is violet. White (emblem of hope) the color of mourning in Chins.

Henry VIII. wore white for Anne Boleyn

The ancient ladies of Rome and Sparta wore white. It was the color of mourning

in Spain till 1498. Yellow (the sear and

HENRY HAYNIE.

places at which to dine, and their clie

of letters of the capital.

double thickness, places it between two ordinary round steaks and cooks it by broil-

ing them over hot coals. These outer slices are thrown away and the inner one, cooked to a turn, is served with potatoes, as you like them, souffle or a la creme, being the better way; and I should advise you to also drink white instead of red wine. CHEAP RESTAURANTS. There are innumerable second-class res taurants, and very few indeed are poor ones. It is not on easy matter to name them all, but the general opinion is that Marguery's, up at the Gymnase Theater, is entitled to first place, especially for its fishes and its fine wines. The Restaurant Noel, in the Passage de Prince; the Cafe Sylvain, opposite the Grand Opera House, in the Rue

Halevy; Champeaux, across the way from the Bourse; Fovot's in front of the Luxembourg Palace and just around the corner from the O-leon Theater; the Tavern Anglais, in the But the nestling of the Sabbath-breaker Rue Royale, and Lathuille's, beyond the Boulevard de Clichy, are among the best of the second-class restaurants. I had often heard of Lathuwill come to no good-mark my words. The nest will be robbed; boys will cruelly tear the screaming young ones from their parents, from the free life of tree and field and long and happy flights through the ille's, but as it is so far out of the way, and I seldom go in the Batignolle's direc-tion, except when calling on M. and Mme. Benjamin Constant who live in that part of the town-it was not until about two weeks ago that I went there with a party to try it for the first time. We dined fairly well, still the only pleasant souvenir I have of the establishment is a bit of history that the proprietor related me concerning the establishment and its foundation. Origin-ally, so it seems, it was an old-fashioned sort of a roadway inn that stood just behind one of the torts or fortifications which de-

### TROUT CAN REMEMBER.

and Exercise It.

turist and naturalist," said a Philadelphian who takes great interest in piscicultural matters, "I paid a visit with him to the fish hatchery of that State at Caledonia. In one of the ponds there, at that time, there were 5,000 large brook trout, every one of which had been captured with the fly-tied on the Adirondack region. These trout, Mr. Green said, had convinced him that fish have reasoning power and memory. When they were booked, he said, and were reeled slowly in by the careful fishermen who were capturing them for the State pond, they had time and opportunity to note the form and character of the tackle that made them pris-

forgot that experience.
"The trout had been in the pond a long time, the females never being allowed to spawn there, and would follow Mr. Green as he walked along the edge of the water, tossing bits of liver into the pond. To show that his theory about their memory and reason was correct, he would carry a cane and a fish rod concealed behind his back. If he took the cane from its concealment and held it out over the water the fish paid no attention to it; but the moment he produced the rod with its reel and line attached away the tront scampered like a flash to distant parts of the pond. Mr. Green told me that he would permit anyone to cast a fly in that pond to his heart's content, as he was satis-fied that not one of the trout would come

naha Herald. Human nature is very patient, but there are times when its trials are too great. Thus we hear of book agents being found

GAVE THE JUDGE A QUARTER.

A Beggar Takes Pity on a Congressman and Offers Him Money. Washington Letter.] Congressman Honk, of Tennessee, is

wearing a new suit of clothes. The mere statement of the fact will not, probably strike the people who have not the pleasure of Judge Houk's acquaintance as one of much importance or significance. But Houk's every day friends know him better, and unless they have seen him lately they will hardly credit the news. The truth is that he is a man so careless in his attire and so indifferent to his personal appearance that a single new outward garment is an event in Houk's life; the donning of an entire new suit at once marks an epoch. It came about in this wise. The Judge was walking in Pennsylvania avenue recently with a couple of Western friends, when he was accosted by a tramp whose raiment might have been fashioneble and new on the day of Jackson's first inauguration.

"'Scuse me, may I interrupt you for a moment? Will you give me the price of Houk promptly replied: "I'm sorry, boss, but I can't help you. I've just been trying to get the price of a meal from these gentlemen. I haven't had a mouthful of rictuals to-day." Well, I say, pard, you look it," re-

sponded the tramp, as he sidled up to the Congressman and tooked him over. "Here's a quarter; you are worse off than I am." Judge Houk declined the proffered chari-ty, but he suddenly decided that if his appearance was such as to excite the commis-eration and benevolence of a Washington tramp it was time for him to visit a tailor, and he lost no time in doing so. I don't vouch for this story, but "they say" that Houk tells it on himself, and it so it's true, for the sturdy East Tennesseean is as truthful as he is both wise and witty.

### IT DOESN'T HURT TO BE BUNG.

such is the Testimony of a Man Who Has

Had the Experience. That the job of hanging at Ozark was "bungling" there is no doubt, but that the suffering was great, except in the case of the man who fell and revived, is far from certain. In 1864 John Burns, whom I have known long and well, lived in Newton county, this State, on Indian Creek, about ten miles south of Newtonia, writes a Springfield, Mo., correspondent of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Mr. Burns was a quiet man, trying to conduct himself without offense to either side in the War of the Rebellion, so that he could remain at home. But some persons thought Mr. Burns had money, and a squad of robbers, in those days called "bushwhackers," called upon him to investigate his resources.
Mr. B. said he had no money. The bushwhackers then tried the persuasive powers of a rope. They took a line like a clothesine, made a running noose, slipped it over Mr. B.'s head, put the other end of the line

over the ceiling joists of the room they were in, and swung Mr. B. clear of the floor. He is about 6 feet, large-boned, weighing 180 to 200 pounds. Three times they pulled him up, roughly, letting the body slump to the floor. Mr. B. says that each time as his feet left the floor and the weight of his body came upon the cord he became instantly insensible, and continued so until he revived after falling. He felt no pain at any stage while suspended. I have more than once questioned him particularly about this. He does not know how long they kept him up nor whether he was motionless or in contortions while up. He did not fall on the strangulation, with a partial stoppage of circulation of blood to the brain. rions results followed, only a soreness of

A SABBATH-BREAKING BIRD.

Terrible Misfortunes in Store for a Wicked Little Jackdaw.

Irish Cor. Providence Journal. Up to this present hour of my life I have held firmly to the belief that birds, beasts and insects all religiously keep Sunday, and now, to my sorrow, I am forced to open my eyes to the sad fact that some of the lax observances of these latter days are creeping in among the birds, and for, what other purpose than the repairing and refurnishing of his nest does that jackdaw want the tuft of hair he is so vigorously pulling out of the strawberry cow's back? Why does she not flap him with her tail, and so bring the old-time vengeance on the Sabbath-breaker? No, she just gives a lazy look round, a little intimation to the jackdaw not to pull so hard; he answers with a pert "caw," finishes extracting just the lock of hair he wants and flies off toward the rained summer-house, where, no doubt, he

warm air of summer; they will be carried to some poor cabin in a narrow street, most of them will perish miserably of hunger, or of over-feeding, or of worry; of dogs and children; the survivor will live on, wings clipped, so that he may never know the bliss of a bird's greatest joy; he will have red rags on his legs and a red crest burnt in with hot seething wax on his head, and so live on, a mark of scorn to all free birds —the son of the Sabbath-breaking jackdaw.

Proof That Fish Have Reasoning Power

"Some time before the death of Seth Green, the celebrated New York fish culbarbless hooks-in unfrequented brooks in According to Mr. Green they never

near it, so vididly did they remember their enemy of five years ago."

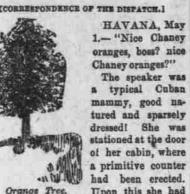
THE COLORED CUBAN.

can readily believe this. All the Cuban idea of religion is embraced in the word, hell. Its religious songs are suggestive of the most intense woes and tortures of that perspective place. Picturesque People.

WORKERS IN A LAND OF DRONES. Living on a Plane of Equality With Their White Neighbors.

THE MOVING TALE OF A YELLOW DOG

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.



captivate some gentleman of color.

Every negro speaks to every white person he meets. He touches his hat and nods, exmammy, good natured and sparsely pecting you to do the same. A nod or a smile makes a Cuban negro happy. Even a beggar would rather you refuse him a dressed! She was stationed at the door of her cabin, where penny and give him a smile than to give a primitive counter him the money and deny him the smile. They are the best-natured and generous peohad been erected. Upon this she had ple in the world, and most of them are kind-ly and polite. After hoarding up enough

arranged the "nice Chaney oranges" she I hought some in order to talk to the woman, who seemed intelligent. In the midst of our conversation a man emerged from the interior of the shanty, which consisted of a ground floor of mother earth and a roof of the dried leaves of the pineapple.

The man was white, and looked as if he might be a common laborer. My surprise was great when mammy with a smile of happy possessorship told me he was her "man." At this point a small colony of pickaninnies of different sizes and degrees of duskiness came on the scene. This job lot of assorted cherubs, mammy informed me, composed their family. Well, I was horrified. I did not then know that this is of common occurrence here in Cuba. Any white man who wishes can assume the re-sponsibilities of a family of mulatto children. No legal form is necessary. Men may be seen everywhere walking about with veritable "Queens of the Night."

CROWDING OUT THE WHITES. This mingling of the black and the white is going on so rapidly that the probabilities are that in 100 years Cuba will be a black country. The negro is crowding out the white element, which only decays in a land never intended for it.

I once made the statement that the Cuban men were ugly, insignificant and unattractive. I take it back. I had not then seen the Cuban negro in all his glory. He is a most splendid type of manhood; strong, stalwart, sinewy, perfectly developed and splendidly proportioned. His complexion is not the golden brown of our Southern negro, but is as shiny and black as polished ebony. A Cuban negro, six feet in height, dressed in cast-off garments in various stages of paucity and dilapidation, with a white turban around his head and thick brass hoops in his ears is one of the most picturesque sights in Havana. By intermarriage with the Spanish the



"Nice Chancy Oranges, Boss ?" negro features are often nearly eliminated. Then we see the truly handsome Cuban darkey with the straight black hair, the clearly cut features of Spain, and when carrying upon his turbaned head a tray

is tropical. Without any apparent excuse he is happy. Beneath a sun that would be sufficiently hot for a clam bake he sleeps on Until 12 years of age he about absolutely naked. After that time he wears as little as possible. THE WORKERS OF CUBA.

Cuban negro is not idle. In this country of inaction he works. One-half the whites, by some conventional law, do nothing. The blacks then are forced to do it all. I mentioned that there was not much thrift and a good deal of rocking chair in a Cuban's life. "Who then directs the house-The negro servants. They nurse the babies, do the marketing, make the beds, in fact, "run"—no, the Cuban never runs—manage the house. They all eat, too. Everyone who feeds them is convinced that Cuban negro can eat. Some of them will tell you that they never had enough to eat

I enjoy fun myself, so I soon questioned about the amusements of the negro. I learned that he just had one-dancing. The typical negro dance is an expression of joy.

Sorrow is soon conquered through its agency. Any Sunday evening you may see him dance. His only orchestra is a drum, fashioned by himself. He holds the drum between his knees, and beats it with his open hands. He wriggles, he writhes at the pleasure it gives him. At the same time a buxom yellow girl and a barefooted lad are dancing an African can-can. She is coy-he is gallant. They simply shuffle and twist themselves. There is neither skill nor beauty in it. The pleasure is derived from moving the body in time with the monotonous notes of the drum. Originally clumsy and awkward in movement, inade quate in the matter of calves and often mal-formed in the shape of his teet, a negro can dance all night to the tune of five notes played over and over again on a battered

Women soon adapt themselves to a new language, and I soon constructed a mongrel dialect by which I could make the Havana darkies understand my wants. They speak darkies understand my wants. They speak
the Spanish, eliminating the harsh sounds
from the most musical language, and leave
off all unnecessary syllables. I managed to
talk pretty well to them, but when we came
upon the native African I had to fall back
upon the worn-out and old-style maxim,
"Silence is golden." Many native Africans
who have been actioned from were thing and who have been captured from war ships and who still speak their own heathenish lan-guage, are found in Havana. I noticed three slits in their cheeks, which our inter-preter said were marks of beauty in their ountry, but I know they were the effects of their dreadful language with its unpronounceable consonants.

They entertained us by singing a song of

their country. Now there is singing and singing. That which they designate by the name of singing I should simply call walling. Talk about wails of lost souls; they sink into nothingness when compared with the wails uttered by these Africans under the deluding name music. Hever there the deluding name, music. If ever there was a lugubrious performance, this is one. The negro song of Cuba lacks the plaintiveness of our plantation melodies and is always semi-religious in character. You METAMORPHOSIS;

Being an Account of a Strange Experiment in Psychology, Recently Conducted by a Physician.

Written for THE DISPATCH by

SIDNEY LUSKA (Henry Harland.)

in the science of gastronomy. You have taken it out of my power to display my skill in salad-making, but now, if you are a generous rival, you will give me an op-portunity to distinguish myself in the con-fection of an omelet. It is an omelet of my

own invention; a sort of cross between the ordinary omelette an vin of the French and the Italian Zabaniano. I shall require the use of that chafing-dish and spirit lamp which I see on the sideboard, the sherry de-

canter and half a dozen eggs. I promise your paintes a delectable experience; and you, Miss Benary, by watching me, will acquire an invaluable art."

So, with much merriment, he proceeded

with the manufacture of his omelet, Miriam

observing and assisting. When it was com

plete we unanimously voted it the most de-

With the advent of the coffee the ladie

Fairchild was the first to break the silen

is lessened by the wholesale application of powder. She chalks her face with it, not regarding the manner of its appliance, nor does she try to delude the spectator. She tinges her cheeks with rouge and stains her eyebrows with dark juices. If not too closely examined the yellow girl is really very beautiful. She begins to keep her eyes open, or what is better, coquettishly drooped for beaux at an early age. All week she runs about in a tawdy skirt of her mistress', bare-footed and dirty. On Sunday she blooms out in the glory of a bright colored dress, shoes and perfume, ready to captivate some gentleman of color. Leopold Benary, an old New York physician. broken," Fairchild declared. "If there is prevents Louise Masarte, a beautiful young one accomplishment upon which I pride woman, from suiciding in the East river at myself, Miss Benary, it is my proficiency midnight. The woman says she has neither friends, relatives nor money, and she is haunt-ed by the memory of her past. She resists the doctor's interference, but finally agrees to go to his home, where he engages to show her a better way out of her trouble or to release her within an hour. There she tells the physician that she has been guilty of a crime that cannot be outlived. The physician tells her that he can, by means of an operation, obliterate her memory of all past events; that mentally she will be as a newly-born babe. He offers to perform the operation, and with the aid of his sister Josephine, educate her in her new life. She accepts the offer, and the next morning the operation is successfully performed. The physician and his sister educate her, and introduce her to their friends as their niece, Miriam. Four years later the doctor is saved from the blizzard by Henry Fairchild, a young sculptor, Dr. Benary insists upon the sculptor remaining at his house for the evening, and introduces his niece Miriam. The sculptor recognizes the

CHAPTER VIII.

The hall was quite dark. From the end of it, directly behind me, came the response, "Yes, brother."

hours' practice a day for six months, and you will do it almost as easily as I do. "Ah, you are there?" I questioned. "I have been waiting here for you to wake. I did not wish to disturb your sleep," she left us, and having lighted our cigars we smoked for a few minutes without speaking.

"And they-where are they now?" "Mr. Fairchild is in the spare room, where he is to sleep. Miriam is in her room. I could not come to you so long as they were together. It would not do to leave them alone. That is why I wrote the

gro will give you his came if you ask him for it. By this time we were in my chamber, and I had closed the door behind us. All the negroes own dogs, usually the va-riety known as "yaller dogs." I wanted to buy one, but preferred a more exclusive "And now, for heaven's sake, explain to me what this means," I said, holding up buy one, but preferred a more exclusive breed. One day I accosted a negres, who was carrying the most respectable specimen of a dog I had seen in Havana, saying: "Have you that dog for sale?" She grunted what I discovered meant "No." but added that she had a lady friend, Miss Jamaica, who had. I told her to bring Miss

the sheet of paper. "It means exactly what it says. He has recognized Miriam."

recognized Miriam."
"Oh, it is inspossible," I declared.
"I only wish that you were right," sighed
Josephine, dolefully.
"But how—but why—but what—what
leads you to think so?" I stammered.
"His action when he first saw her—when
she and I entered the room where he was to greet him this forenoon."
"Oh, it is impossible, impossible, I repeated. "What was his action? What

peated. "W The instant he laid eyes upon her he started, and caught his breath, and colored up, and then turned white, and then red

again.
"Merciful heavens!" I gasped, panie "What ever shall we do?" my poor sister "Did-did Miriam notice his embarrass

upon that ill-fated day. People tell you that "to-morrow never comes." I devoutly hoped that this one wouldn't. It did, however, and some of the candidates were on hand by 6 o'clock A. M. eagerly inquiring ment?" I inquired. "I think not. She did not appear to anyway."
Then befell a pause, during which I refor her who had in a rash moment said she wanted to buy a dog. By 9 o'clock the

flected.
"Well, brother?" queried Josephine, after "It is impossible; it is absolutely impossible," I said, having recovered a good deal of my self-possession. "Her own mother would be unable to recognize her. She is altered beyond recognition. Why, and darkies. The yelping suggested the New York dog show. When I came out to breakfast I was besieged by a score of dog owners, who proceeded to describe the good points of their animals. I felt as if I were possessed. I was afraid to choose one, that dead woman would by this time be nearly 30 years of age; whereas Miriam doesn't look 22. Besides, the whole character and expression of her face are changed."

"All that is true; and yet-he started." "All that is true; and yet—he started."
"Well, even so; what of it? Perhaps it
was of her resemblance to the dead woman
—supposing him to have known her. But
he would never dream of identifying her as
one and the same. A young girl of one or
two and twenty! A sad-eyed, sorrowstricken woman, ten years her senior! The
probability, however, is that he never knew
Louise Mussarte at all: but he started and Louise Massarte at all; but he started and colored up at the sight of Miriam, because she is so beautiful, and he is a young man and an artist. What quickblooded young fellow would not color up at the sight of so lovely a young girl? Or else, it is imaginable, he has seen Miriam herself somewhere before—in the street—in a horsecar-or where not; and was impressed by her; and then he started for surpressed by her, and then he satisfied for sur-prise and pleasure at finding himself under the same roof with her. You, my good Josephine, have jumped to a conclusion. The chances are ten to one it is a false one. Afterward, for instance, did he follow up his start with such conduct as justified you in your suspicions?"

"No. He simply returned our saluta-tions, and behaved toward her as he did spects the same. He retains with his celor his African nature. "The Ethiopian can-not change his skin," neither can he change toward me, as if she were a perfectly new acquaintance."
"Good! And then, consider the non-chalence and freedom with which he talked his social, merry, loquacious, docile and thoroughly unsubstantial character. to her at luncheon! No, no; it is impossi-ble. Well, I will keep an eye on him during dunner; and after dinner you and Miriam must leave us alone together to discuss our eigars; and then I will seek to find out what the true explanation of the mat-

> dining room. CHAPTER IX. Throughout the meal I carefully observed Fairchild's bearing toward Miriam; and my satisfaction was great to see in it only and exactly what, under the circumstances, could rightly have been expected. Frank, gay, interested, attentive, yet undeviatingly courteous, respectful, and even deferental, it was precisely the bearing due from a young gentleman of good breeding to the lady at whose side he found himself, and

And my sister and I descended to the

whose acquaintance he had but lately "So that," I concluded, "of all conceiv able theories adequate to account for his behavior at first setting eyes upon her, Josephine's is farthest-fetched and the least tenable."

For the matter of that, as I had assured my sister, I was confident that her own mother, had she been alive, must have failed to identily her, so essentially was she altered, both in expression of countenance and in apparent age. That Fairchild did not do so I was certain. His manner exhibited neither surprise, mystification, curiosity nor constraint. It would have required a far cunninger actor than I took him to be, so effectually to shave disguised such emotions, and he really felt them, and he could not have helped feeling them if, having known the dead woman, Louise Master to help recognized her in the remarkable. sarte, he had recognized her in the young and innocent maiden, Miriam Benary. The right theory by which to explain his con-duct at first meeting her, I purposed dis-covering, if I could, when he and I were

He and Miriam had a great deal of fun He and Miriam had a great deal of fun together making the salad, in which enterprise they co-operated, not, however, without much laughing difference as to the best method of procedure. He claimed that instead of rubbing the bowl with garlic one albuld introduce a chapon, or crust of bread correctly tinctured with that herb, and fatiguer it with the lettuce, while our niece vigorously maintained the opposite. And finally they drew lots to determine which policy should prevail, Miriam winning.

Brow, nose, lips, chin, throat, described by one splendid flowing line. It's Junesque sir. It's worth years of commonple ing woman."
"Yet," I admitted, "it's a fine profile,

"Her type is so rare," he went on, "that, as I have said, nature succeeds in produc ing a faultless specimen of it not oftener than once in a generation. Of faulty speci-mens—comparable, I might say to flawed castings—she turns out many every year. Have you been in Rome? Trassevere teems with such 'failures-women who approach, but always fall lamentably short, of the per-fection your niece embodies."

"Yes, I know the Trasteverine, and I see the resemblance you refer to. But, as you intimate, they are coarse and crude copies of Miriam. That expression of high spirituality, which is the dominant note in her face is quite absent from theirs."

"They compare to her as pressed terra cotta compares to chiseled marble. In all my lite I have known but one woman who could be mentioned in the same breath with her, and she was a good distance behind. Why, to-day, when Miss Benary came into the room where you had left me, I declare for a moment my breath was almost taken away. I could scarcely believe my eyes. Such beauty seemed beyond reality; it was like a realized dream. I forgot my manners in my admiration, and it was some seconds before I remainded. seconds before I remembered to make my bow. When our friendship is older, Dr. Benary, you must permit me to model her portrait."

icious thing in the way of an omelet that we had ever tasted. But Miriam sighed and said, "It is all very simple except the most important point. The way you toss the omelet up into the air, let it turn over, and then catch it again as it descends—I am sure I shall never be able to do that." Thus was my mind set at ease. Presently we joined the ladies, and while Fairchild and Miriam chatted together in the bay window, I drew Josephine aside and communicated to her the upshot of our post-prandial conversation. She accomplished "You must practice it with beans," said Fairchild. "A pint of beans—dry beans, you know, the kind used for baking. Three a mighty sigh, and professed herself to be vastly relieved.

CHAPTER X.

Fairchild became a frequent visitor at our house, and an ever welcome one. His good looks, his good sense, his honesty, his high spirits, made him an extremely pleas-"Well, Dr. Benary," he began, "I can do sant companion. We were always glad to



"OH, MY DABLING UNCLE! YOU ARE THE BEST MAN IN THE WORLD."

who was in luck, and who have the best oc-casion for self-congratulation."

"That would depend upon the dubious question of the value of life," said he. "I m skeptical whether we confer a boon or inflict a bane upon the human being whom we bring into existence or whose exit there from we prevent. It is probable, indeed from we prevent. It is probable, indeed, that except for our meeting you would at this hour have been numbered among the honored dead. But very likely—either enjoying the excitements of the Happy HuntinglGround or sleeping the deep sleep of annihilation—very likely, I say, you would have been better off than you are setually, or can ever hope to be in the flesh. About my good fortune contrariging deads is imor can ever hope to be in the flesh. About my good fortune, contrariwise, debate is impossible. Here I am in veritable clover, smoking a capital cigar, after a capital dinner, and the richer by the acquisition of three new friends, for as friends I trust I may be allowed to reckon you and your ladies. Had I not happened to run across you in the way I did, on the other hand, I should now have been seated along by my

should now have been seated alone by my bachelor's hearth, with no companions but my plaster models, and no voice to cheer my solitude save the bowling of the storm." "It is very flattering of you to put the matter as you do; but being modish in no respect, I am least of all so in my metaphysics. Therefore I cannot share your pessimistic doubt of the value of life; and I ssure you I should have hated bitterly to leave mine behind me in that ungodly snowbank. It is true, I am perilously close to the scriptural limitation of man's ago; and I ought perhaps to feel that I have had my fit and proper share of this world's vanities and to be prepared for my inevitable journey to the next. But, I must confess, I am so to the hexa. But, I must contess, I am so little of a philesopher that I should dearly like to tarry here a few years longer; and hence, I maintain, my obligation to you is indisputably established."

"Well, then, so far as I can see, we may onsider ourselves quits." "Hardly; the balance is still tremendusly in your favor."

After that we again smoked for awhile without speaking. Then again Fairchild broke the silence.

"I wonder whether you would take it amiss, Dr. Benary," he ventured, "if I should mention something which has been the object of my delighted admiration almost from the moment I entered your

"What is that?" I queried. "I fear you will condemn me as over-bold if I answer candidly; but I shall do so, and accept the consequences. The circumstance that I am an artist may be pleaded in my behalf if I seem to transcend the bounds of the conventional."

the conventional."
"You pique my curiosity. What is it that you allude to? I do not think you need be apprehensive of my wrath. My extended edition of the Life of Sir Joshua? That is the result of ten years hard labor. Or my Quadroon woman by Sartain? It's a wonderful piece of flesh painting, truly. It looks as though it would bleed, if you pricked it." "Yes, it's in Sartain's best style. But this is, not what I had in mind; neither is the life of Sir Joshus, which, by the way, I have

"Not seen it? Oh, well, I must show it to you directly we go upstairs. But what then? I do not know what I have worthy of such admiration as you profess."
"You-have a niece; and I allude to her

extraordinary beauty."

My pulse quickened. Here had he, of his own accord, broached that very topic upon which I was anxious to sound him.

"Ab, yes, Mirinm," I assented, a trifle nervously, and wondering what would come next. "Miriam. Yes, she's a very pretty "Pretty!" he repeated. "Pretty? Why, my dear sir, she's—who, in five years I've not seen so beautiful a woman. And it isn't simply that she is so beautiful, but its

isn't simply that she is so beautiful, but its her type. Her type—I believe I am safe in calling it the least frequent, the rarest, in the whole range of womanifood. Forgive my fervor. I speak as an artist, as one to whom the beautiful in a constant study. It is a type of which you occasionally see a perfect specimen in antique marble; but in flesh and blood, not oftener than once in a lifetime. To say nothing of her coloring, which a painter would go wild over, con-

nothing but congratulate myself upon the happy chance that brought about our encounter this morning. For once in my life I was in luck."

see him; we all liked him cordially. I told him that if he didn't mind potluck, he must feel at liberty to drop in and dine with us whenever his inclination prompted and his leisure would permit. He took me at m word, as I meant he should; and from that time forth he broke bread with, as heven seldomer than one evening out of the seven

> think it is well, brother, that two young people of opposite sexes should be thrown together as frequently and as closely as Mr. Fairchild and Miriam are?"

"Why not?" questioned I.
"The reason is obvious. How would you be pleased if they should fall in love?"
"The Lord forbid! But I see no danger of their doing so." "There is always danger when a beautiful

young girl and a spirited young man see too much of each other."

"But Mr. Fairchild pays no moze attention to Miriam than he does to you or me. They are never left alone together. They are simply good friends." "As yet, perhaps, yes. But time works changes. True, as you say, they are never

left alone together—not exactly alone, that is. But are they not virtually alone when you and I are seated here in the library over our backgammon board, and they are there in the parlor at the piano?"
"But, my dear sister, the two rooms are as one. The folding doors are never closed."
"True again. We are all within sight and hearing of one another. But as a mat-ter of fact you and I give no heed to them, nor do they to us. There are certain laws of nature which should not be ignored."

"Well, what do you want me to do?" I inquired, rather testily. "Shall I forbid Fairchild the house? Forbid my house to the man who saved my life?" "Oh, no, of course not. You know I could not wish such a thing as that. Mr. Fairchild's claims upon our gratitude must never be forgotten; and besides, I like him and I enjoy his visits as heartily as you do

Only "Only what? If I don't forbid him the house, how can I prevent him and Miriam meeting? Shall I direct her to keep her coom whenever he comes?"
"I do think, brother, it would be well if

she were not always present when he comes. If you wish to hear my honest opinion, I believe it is to see her that he comes so believe it is to see her that he comes so often, and not to see a couple of sober elderly persons like you and me. I cannot faney that you and I are so irresistibly attractive as to draw him to our house as frequently as once or twice a week. However, I only wished to call your attention to the matter. It is for you now to act as your best judgment dictates."

"Well, then, my good Josephine, I shall not act at all. There is no occasion for my acting. I shall be unjust and unreasonable to prevent these two young folks getting

acting. I shall be unjust and unreasonable to prevent these two young folks getting what innocent pleasure they can from each other's society and friendship, simply because, in the abstract, it is true that they are not incapable of falling in love. I might as reasonably enjoin. Miriam against ever going out of doors, because it is possible that in the street she might be run over; against ever drinking a glass of water, because it is possible that the water might contain a disease germ. You have conjured up a chimera. Your fears are conjured up a chimera. Your fears are those of a too imaginative woman. When I perceive the first symptom of anything sentimental existing between them it will be time enough to act."

"Perhaps then, brother, it will be too late." setarted Leaphing and with that abs

"Perhaps then, brother, it will be too late," retorted Josephine, and with that she dropped the subject.

Well, of course, as the reader has foreseen, that very complication which my sister feared and warned me of, and which I refused to consider—of course that very complication came to pass. Fairchild fell in love with Miriam, and Miriam resiprocated his unfortunate passion. Otherwise, his name had never been introduced into this history, or rather there would have been

his name had never been introduced into this history, or rather there would have been no such history to relate.

In June, 1888, Josephine, Miriam and I went down to the little village of Maskataquonk (familiarly, Quonk), on the coast of Maine, there to rusticate until September. Toward the end of July Fairehild joined us there, pursuant to an arrangement made are we left the city; and it was on the evening of the 15th of August that he requested a few minutes, wrivate talk with me, and then